

E 711

.2

.B27

Copy 1

The True Story of the Assassination of
President McKinley at Buffalo



John Quincy

AN HISTORIC MEMENTO OF THE NATION'S LOSS

THE TRUE STORY
OF THE
Assassination
OF
President McKinley
AT
BUFFALO

WITH MANY SCENES AND PICTURES CONNECTED WITH THE
TRAGEDY, INCLUDING THE LAST TRIBUTES OF
RESPECT AT WASHINGTON AND CANTON

BY RICHARD H. BARRY

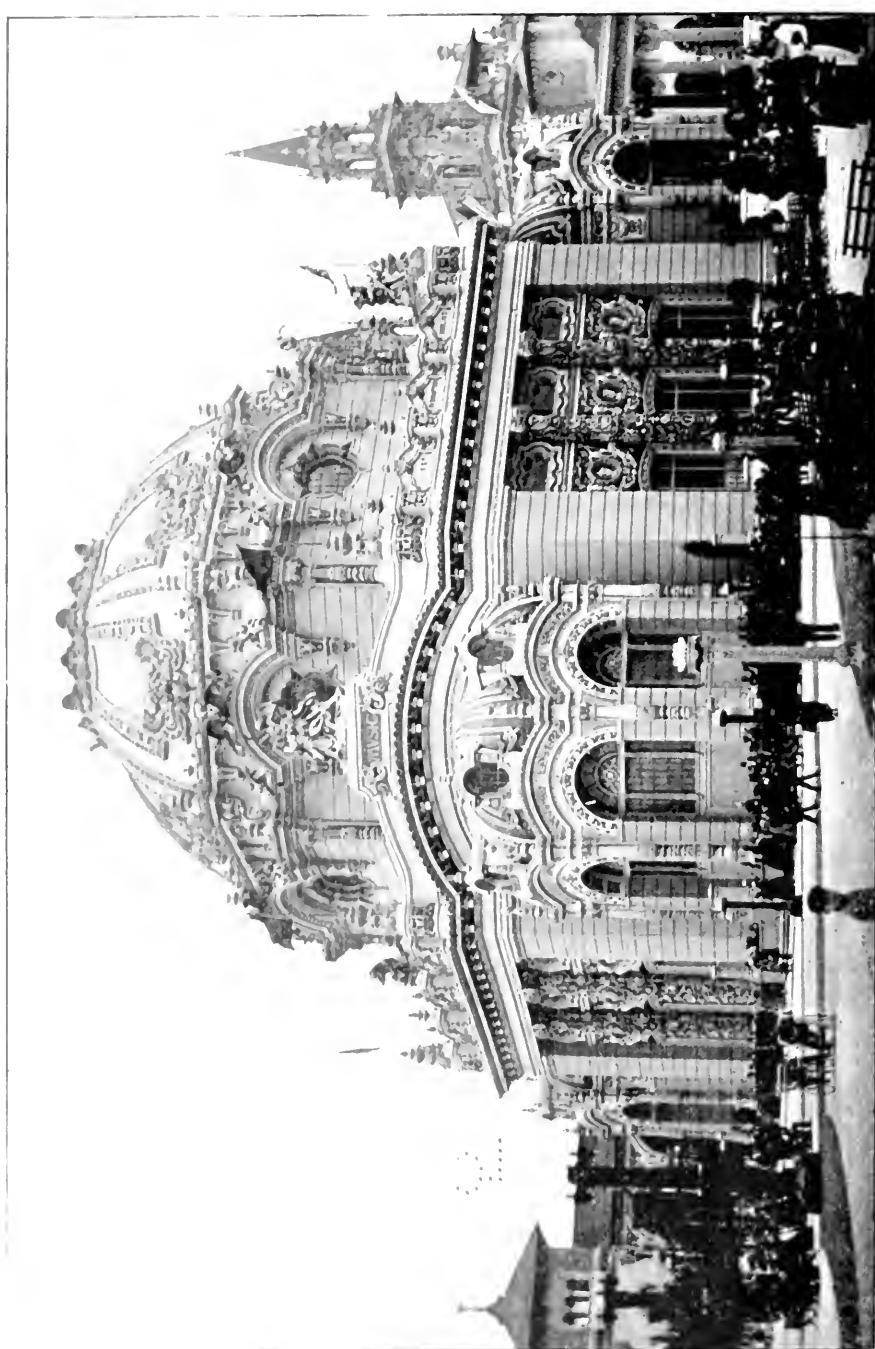
who was present during the historic events, beginning with the President's visit to
Buffalo and ending with the last ceremonies at Canton

The Trade Supplied by the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY and its Branches
The BUFFALO NEWS COMPANY, General Sales Agents

BUFFALO, N. Y.
ROBERT ALLAN REID, PUBLISHER

1901

Copyright 1901, by Robert Allan Reid. All rights reserved



THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC

ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL EXPOSITION BUILDINGS, WHERE THE PUBLIC RECEPTION TOOK PLACE, DURING WHICH THE PRESIDENT WAS SHOT.

The True Story of the Assassination.

MR. MCKINLEY was never in a more buoyant mood than on his Buffalo trip. This was marked by all who saw him. He had the springy step of light-heartedness and the receptive, merry eye of appreciation—appreciation of the welcome that he got and of the attention shown him. His temperament was somewhat mercurial. Depression he usually concealed, but elation he did not attempt to hide and at the exposition he found much to please him. There was the friendliness of the people and the general tenor of good feeling about the city which, with a grace seldom seen, was expressed in both the Democratic and Republican newspapers.

The visit was singularly free from all party bickering, and no petty personality, such as frequently obtrudes, dared show itself. The exposition had not been getting the crowds that were wanted and had looked forward to President's Day to pull it a good ways from the financial hole it was in. That day, September 5th, had been a good one. It had broken the record for attendance, and the speech of the President, long considered and marking an epoch in the history of the Republican party and in the political career of Mr. McKinley himself, had been well received, just as his diplomatic foresight had hoped it would.

Then there was that indescribable human roar and magnetism, unlike any other sound in the universe, which had come to him repeatedly with its gladsome ting. It had filtered his blood, and the morning of the second day, Friday, Sept. 6th, found him in a particularly fine mood. He said himself that the arduous part of the trip was over, for even after years of it he disliked public speaking. There was before him only the pleasant ride to Niagara Falls, with his wife and friends, away from the great curious crowd, with the delicious memory of the applause of the preceding day fresh with him. The public reception in the afternoon, with its half hour of deadening strain, was before, but the President always welcomed such opportunities for meeting the mass of the people. He liked the contact and believed that the close sight they got of the Executive's person was a simple gratification due them. Besides, it

was a part of his political policy to meet and greet the public on friendly terms. His hand clasp was known as the most cordial at such receptions that any fellow man had shown in Washington in a generation. He was peculiarly positive in his clasp, giving the other fully as much of sincerity as was given—doubtless more, because curiosity prompts much of the attendance at these functions and curiosity is an impersonal thing at best, and sometimes an inhuman one. He fairly pulled the line along at the rate of 125 persons every minute. He tried always to utter some kindly word and usually gave a smile, so that he made a very personal affair of the meeting.

At the Nashville Exposition, in 1897, the Secretary of War, seeing the great fatigue of the President, ordered the door closed on a waiting crowd. The order was immediately countermanded by the superior authority of the President. He would brook nothing of the kind and insisted on treating the people generously. At Buffalo, on the afternoon of President's Day, there was a private reception to some 1500 in the Government Building. There, after a fatiguing forenoon the President found no difficulty in meeting the strain for twenty minutes. It was noticed, however, that it required some effort which, though concealed, was apparent to close observers, to carry him through the line of invited guests.

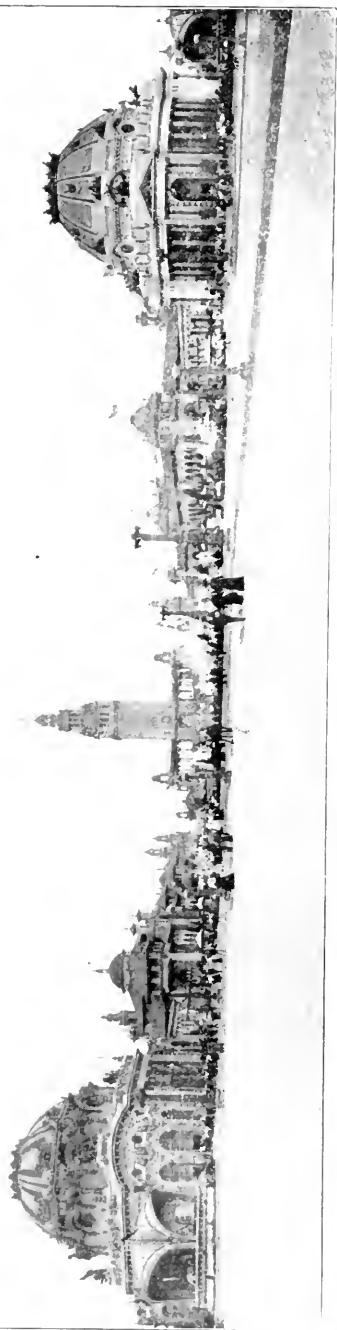
This fatigue had disappeared on Friday, after a good night's rest and with a pleasant day ahead. In the morning, at 7 o'clock, before breakfast, he left the house of Mr. Milburn, where he was staying, for his usual walk. It took him, entirely unattended and carelessly playful in his enjoyment of the wonderful crisp September atmosphere, through several blocks of Delaware, the most beautiful avenue in Buffalo, a city of beautiful avenues.

The Milburn home is in a locality almost deserted at that early hour. An assassin might have shot him down thus with ease, but there would have been no scene then, merely the motive for a drama. Delaware Avenue, in the morning of such a day, is ecstatically oppressive with its beauty, and no doubt the President lingered over it fondly, without the crowds, the jostle, the crush. He was gone twenty minutes, then he went to breakfast and then to the exposition.

Mrs. McKinley was with him. Her presence and her continued good feeling were the source of much gratification to the President. She had been with him conspicuously throughout the trip, and had had applause two to one, at times, to his. Another essential factor in the propitious character of the trip was the weather. It was fair throughout. The day of the speech and of the great crowds had been hot—almost oppressive

THE ESPLANADE AT THE EXPOSITION

DAY AND NIGHT SCENES, GREATLY ADMIRER BY THE PRESIDENT—TEMPLE OF MUSIC AT THE LEFT, ETHNOLOGY BUILDING AT THE RIGHT.

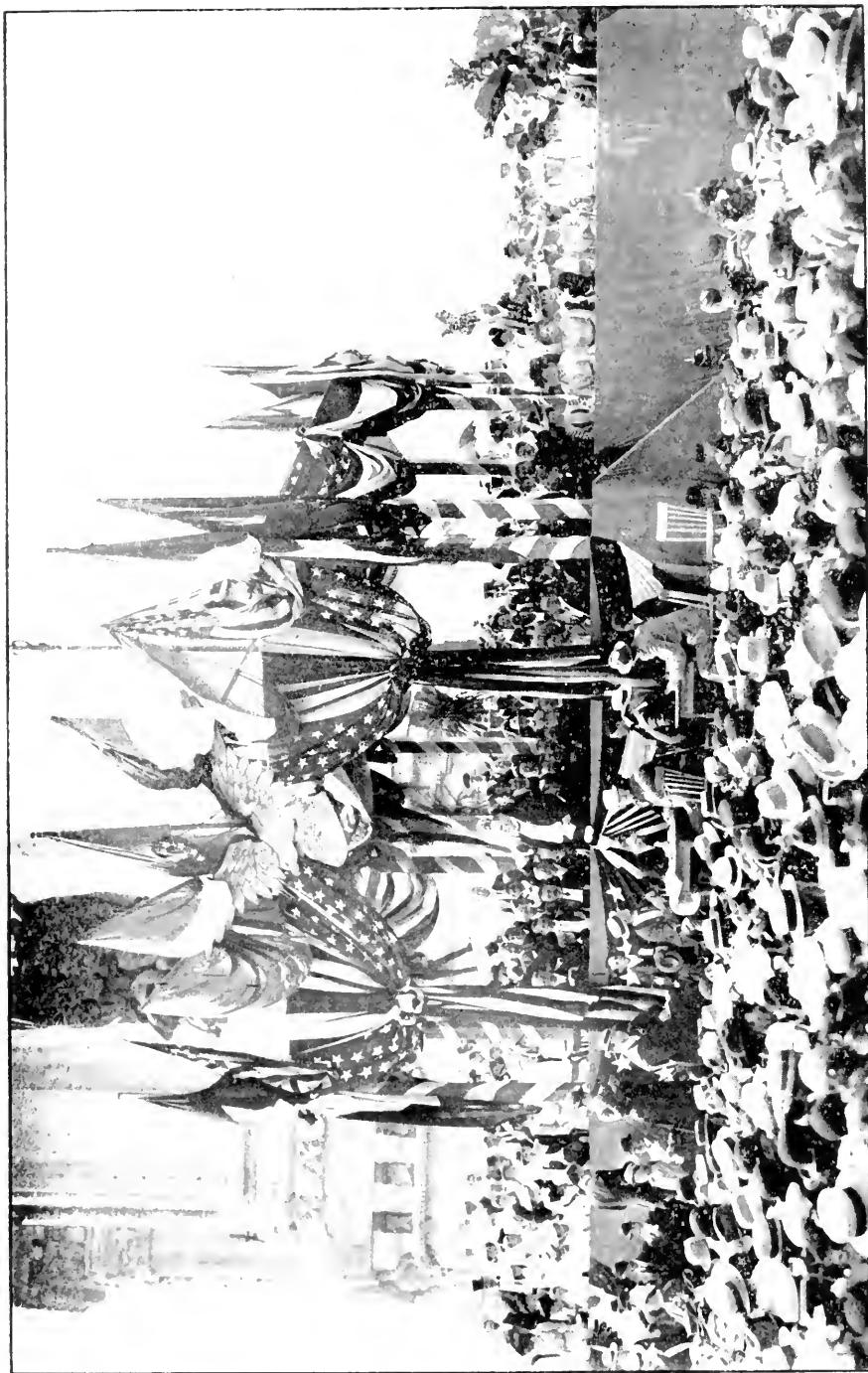


with its sticky mid-summer humidity. Then came one of those cool, cymical clear, Minerva-like nights that occur in the early fall in salubrious Buffalo. It followed a day whose low-drawn languor moved with soft dalliance through the flexible humors of sensitive persons. The sun rose in a mist on the morning of the tragic day and it came up red—a blood red—in a gauze of filinst cloud that melted away before the forenoon was well advanced. Afternoon found everything sultry and enervating, a day that took the starch from women's clothes and the energy from men's bodies. The exposition ambulance picked up three cases of heat prostration before 3 o'clock. It was a real mid-summer day, such as reminds men on the fortieth parallel that the climate of Porto Rico is theirs.

The President was not oppressed. His smile had never been cheerier, and his long rolling walk, like the spirited pace of a thoroughbred, had lost none of its eager charm. He covered the ground with the enthusiasm of a happy man and with the buoyancy of satisfaction. He spoke freely with his secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, with Mr. Milburn, the president of the exposition, and with several local friends who made the short journey with him to the Falls. This was uneventful. It was like that of almost any other of the millions who have visited the exposition, except that it did not take in the Canadian side.

THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

The President arrived at the Temple of Music a few minutes before 4 o'clock. Mrs. McKinley had left him down town. Everything was in readiness. The newspapers had not been prodigal in heralding—they were too crowded with other things—though the noon editions bore the conspicuous announcement on their front pages that the President would hold a public reception, to last about half an hour, beginning at 4 o'clock, in the Temple of Music. The number of admissions to the exposition had been comparatively small, for the reaction from a great day is always a great slump. Over a hundred thousand had passed the gates on President's Day, but at 3 o'clock of the following afternoon there were less than sixty thousand persons on the grounds. Perhaps a third of these expected to attend the reception in the Temple. Idlers, partisans in the lower ranks, the distant worshipers of greatness, and, most of all, the intensely curious, formed the crowd—probably 99 per cent. from the lower and lower middle classes of society. Gentry had had its reception on the day preceding; this was a time for the common people, from the very ranks of which the President



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S EPOCHAL AND LAST GREAT SPEECH
ON THE ESPANADE OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1901.

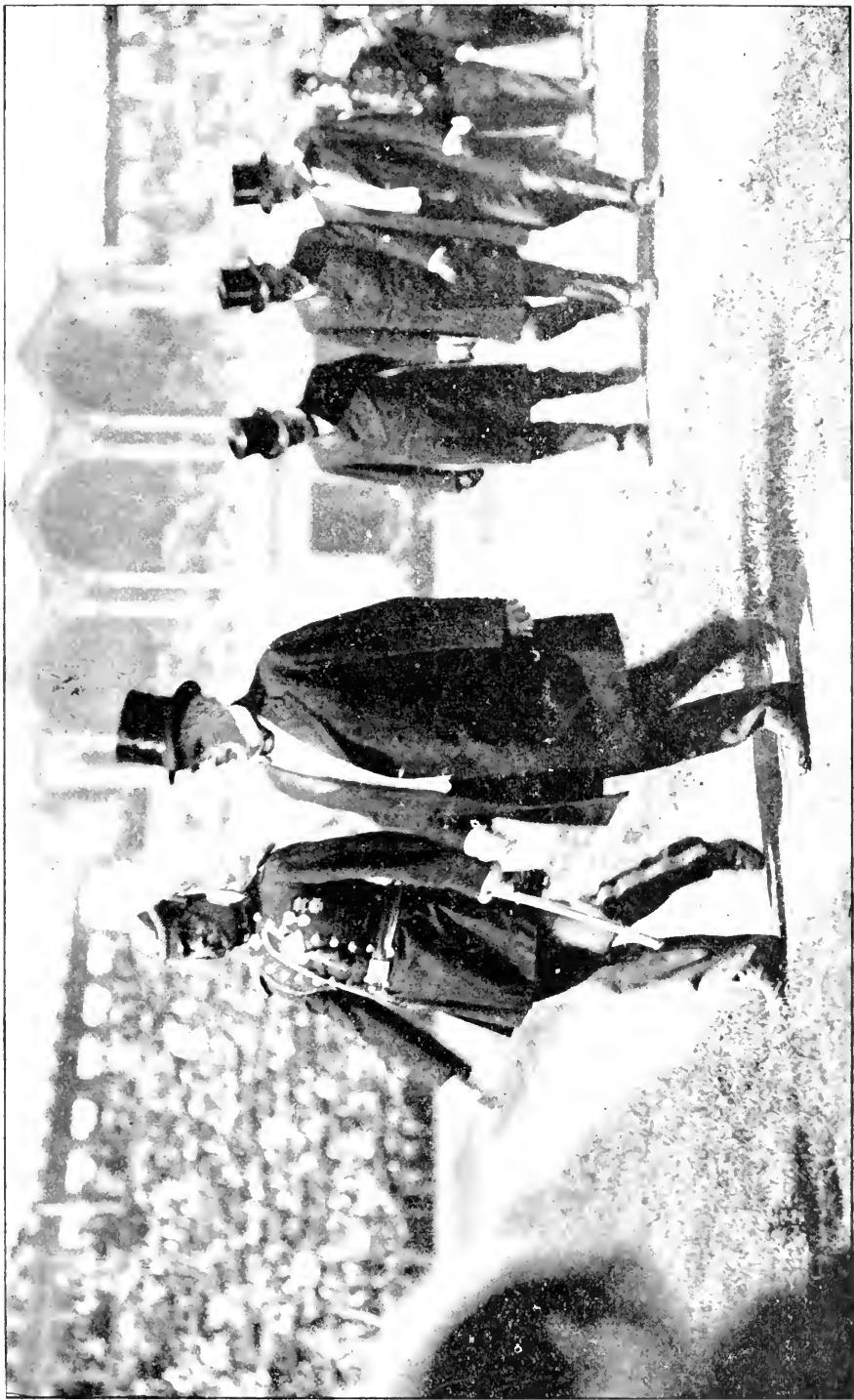
had come and whose idolatrous support had given him his immense prestige.

As the Presidential party, preceded and followed by platoons of mounted police and hedged about by secret service officers, drove from the station through a quarter-mile avenue of blue-coated exposition guards, the desultory crowds that lined the way threw out haphazard cheers. The applause at the Temple was not perfunctory. There were enough people there to create enthusiasm and the spirit of welcome was amply present. The President inspired a personal regard, always magnetic in such a crowd as greeted him there, and as he bowed in measured though sincere politeness, the sweaty noise came up to him in soothing greeting—a greeting upon which his appetite had long fed, and which he craved with much the same insistence that prompted it.

The entire occurrences of the two days—the beauty of the exposition, his wife's continued health, the presence of his friends, the favorable reception of his momentous speech, received, as he had hoped it would be, without a full realization of its import, the propitious weather and the strenuous applause—had by that time impregnated him with negative content and positive buoyance. He entered the Temple by a rear door, saw the arrangements were complete (he did not inspect them minutely, for he surrendered such details to others, and had always been lax in guarding his person), bowed to the guards and reporters present, walked up the aisle to the appointed station and said, pleasantly, that the place was cool.

The Temple was cool, for it had been locked up all day. This offered relief from the swelter without and seemed worthy of its august name. From a point just north of the center, extending southeast and northwest at a forty-five degree angle, slightly broken, were two aisles reaching from the apex like the bend in a finger. These aisles were formed by tightly packed folding seats, pushed back smartly, so that they formed a great inextricable jumble, spread over the floor in reckless confusion, whose edges at the aisle were nicely mended by long strips of purple cloth, pieced at the end in a continuous weave of undulating invitation—invitation to the President's stand at the center. There great palms lifted their somnolent, green shade and a yellow dome, like polished amber, reflected the soft ambient light that streamed in richly from the western windows. For guards there were the regulation exposition police, United States artillery men, city detectives and government secret service men.

A short lull came; the President took his place, Mr. Milburn at the left, Mr. Cortelyou at the right, Detectives Ireland and Foster three feet away in



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY CROSSING THE STADIUM AT THE EXPOSITION
ON PRESIDENT'S DAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH, ACCOMPANIED BY COLONEL WELCH, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON, JOHN G. MILBURN,
AND SECRETARY CORTELYOU.



LEON F. CZOLGOSZ

THE ASSASSIN.

front, several reporters behind, diplomats and officials surrounding, with the guards lining the aisle.

"Let them come," said the President. The doors were opened and the surge outside pushed in the tide of humanity. There was the usual push, the usual hot day sweat, the usual trodden feet, the usual quiet patience of the waiting thousands, and soon a steady stream of people was being pushed by the guards through the aisle and past the President, as logs are propelled down a sluice by men with cant hooks at a spring drive. This continued for about eight minutes, when there appeared at the door—unnoticed at the time—a well-knit young man, whose right hand, with seeming innocence, was in his back pocket. That hand held a pistol, and both were concealed from even the treacherous depths of the pocket by a dirty rag. The rag was a handkerchief, but it had been carried for several days and in the perspiring

heat no face mop was presentable after such long usage. It was a cheap handkerchief, plain, unmarked, ordinarily small and sorely soiled, yet it held the deadliest venom on earth.

The hand was slightly nervous, so was the man. Only a close observer would have seen it. The precision of the next few moments would prove that he had nerves of steel; the villain at the climax of a tragedy usually has stage fright, and the young man has since admitted that he came within an ace of backing out there, but was already in the Temple, while the crowd behind made retreat impossible, and forced him slowly to the precipice. He closed his teeth—good, white ones, though he has the fondness of a tobacco slave for a cigar—and screwed his resolution up to the point of doing. He was well built, had a good wiry form of medium height, an intelligent face with a brow high but narrow, the aquiline nose of determination, a firm chin, a coarse sensual mouth and blue German eyes. It was the head of an egotist, the mouth of an impressionable youth, the nose and chin of a resolute man. The eyes were responsive but not sympathetic, and at that moment were stolid, with little of the fierce light that burns in the basilisk iris of a fanatic. His hair was brushed in wavy brown disorder back from his forehead. At first glance he was not a striking figure. He wore a cheap, dark suit of woolen cloth, a flannel shirt and a string tie—all ordinary, all unnoticeable. He appeared as a mechanic, a printer, a shipping clerk, a worker at some high-class trade. He moved on down the line, drawing near the President. As soon as he was well past the door he withdrew the handkerchief-enclosed pistol from his pocket, holding both in front of him, as though the hand were wounded and in a sling.

THE ASSASSIN.

This young man's history, now partly obtainable, is of interest. It is worth tracing. His name was Leon F. Czolgosz (pronounced Tchollgosch). He was 28 years old, born in Detroit, Michigan. He came of poor, Polish-German parents. The mother does not yet speak English, though she has been in this country many years. The father was so indigent that at the time of this writing he was about Cleveland, his present home, looking for bread or for work, whichever should be obtainable. Czolgosz has been slightly known to the anarchists of Chicago and the West as Fred Nieman, a surname that in German means "nobody." He has not been a prominent anarchist and it is only as a hanger-on that he is recalled. Emma Goldman, whose disciple he claims to be, is said to have refused him an

interview in Chicago when he asked to be accepted as a follower. Later, however, she talked with him. But the parasite grows the lustiest and out of the least promising come the best harvests. It was the last born and the most despised Joseph the son of Jacob who brought Egypt out of famine, and it was also the least promising in the family, Aaron Burr, who plunged America in gloom and died a dastard's death.

Czolgosz had learned from Emma Goldman the doctrine of free love. It is not known to what extent this influenced his life, but it likely was strongly felt, when it is known to what extent his anarchistic opinions led him. These opinions were imbibed from pamphlets, the vile printed stuff that circulates in the sewers of the world and taints the fair name of "literature" with its borrowed plumage. He talked with anarchists in their haunts—in low saloons, about factories and in dark alleys—in all the places where discontent is bred by suffering and deadly pipé. He saw the injustice, the misery, the squalor, the cruel wrong and the sinirched existences of the nether world. With his imagination fed by vicious newspapers and by various cheap propaganda, he saw the snug complacency, the gilded hollow superiority of the self-styled upper classes, all the mock pageantry and familiar lack-luster show that is the conspicuous fact in American life. He saw government fail to govern, the police fail to protect and the law fail to do justice. Most of all he saw the inequality of property distribution. He felt the brunt of poverty and his partly mature intelligence told him that he deserved more than he had. He saw the injustice and proposed revolution as a remedy. He reasoned as far as he could see and stopped; there was a blank wall in front of him. Ahead he thought there was perfection; he did not know that it hid chaos. He was an anarchist. The itch of notoriety seized him. This was evidenced, after he was hid behind steel bars, by his feverish ungranted desire for the newspapers. The idea that another should have prominence, plaudits, ease and adulation, while he, just as intelligent and just as deserving, was buried in blank obscurity, maddened him. It would be better if kings and queens and presidents—all who rule—were dead. Equality then would reign. He walked the streets for weeks, slowly coming to one conclusion: he must kill the President.

Such was the man, rightly named "Nobody," a conscienceless atom, with a maggot in his brain, who was to inject foul murder into the fairest year of the Republic's existence, lifting the red hand against the kindest of men, placing America in the infamy of Old World treachery and bringing to the



IRELAND AND FOSTER

SECRET SERVICE DETECTIVES, ACCOMPANYING THE PRESIDENT, WHO HELPED SECURE THE ASSASSIN, AT THE FATAL SHOOTING.

infinite separate homes of the country the anguish of a personal tragedy. There is every reason to believe that Czolgosz did not realize the enormity of the crime he contemplated. He remembered the injunction of his mentor, Emma Goldman, "the Medusa of Anarchists," who had told him in words hot with passion: "If the life of a tyrant is in your way, take it. The world will applaud your act."

He had chosen William McKinley, a kind man, whose only sin was popularity and whose only crime was the wearing of the thankless laurel which that shibboleth bestows. — He was to do the deed in broad day, under the golden dome of the exposition's shrine to music, whither that man had gone to extend the right hand of good fellowship to all who came. The dark and noisome crimes of centuries; the heinous deeds impelled by human greed and hate; those things which by comparison make cowards noble and insane men wise; those ruthless passions which through all the ages have put



JAMES PARKER

THE HERCULEAN NEGRO, 6 FEET 6 INCHES TALL, WHO
ASSISTED IN SECURING THE ASSASSIN.

the sting of gall in the nectar of human life, were here to find a link in the chain of irrepressible events.

It places America side by side with the slimy insecurity of the Old World. There the dirks have long been brandished, the staccato pistols have long reeked hot with murderous smoke, and behind slashed broadcloth imperial breasts have long beat wildly in anticipatory fear. But that is not America. The uneasiness of the head that wears a crown should have no counterpart in this land of the free. The President is nothing if not a creature of the people. He may be created by a coterie, may be a figure head, but he is heart of the people's heart and blood of their blood. He comes from them, is of them and for them, and lives a short four years as their personified expression of material power, to merge again into the common bulk with the passing of his term of office. He is not a despot, harbors no tyranny, endures no injustice, brooks no wrong, rules as wisely as he can and as justly as he may, loves his people and should be beloved by them.

Such was President McKinley, and such is the genesis of every Chief Executive. He has little hand in the oppression of the human race. He lends no authority to the wrongs of ages. It is not through him that men are bowed down. He cannot take the kink from social problems. He is as impassive in the face of environment as the sphinx in the lapse of time. He is merely the ephemeral expression of man-made power. To kill him does not injure the institution which he typifies. Government will continue as long as man endures. A murder will not obliterate the inertia of centuries. It does no more than stir a ripple in the placid surface of living institutions whose depths are greater than those of the bluest sea. Republican government may not be of the best. No government is perfect, nor will it be until man's double nature is ironed out like starched clothes under a flat iron. But assassination will not improve the imperfection that exists for contrast and for incentive.

A question comes to everyone: Is there any sane person on the broad earth who could deliberately shoot the President of the United States in so cowardly a fashion? Czolgosz was technically sane. He had his wits. He planned his deed with the circumspection of an accomplished general, and when it was all over nodded significantly in quiet satisfaction and said: "I have done my duty." A State board would not send him to an asylum, but he had a deadlier disease. It is egotism. He was an atom, one man in millions, yet he set himself against the greatness of time, the institutions of the ages and millions of the human race. He placed his finger on the pulse of humanity and offered a remedy for its feverish, impetuous thrill. So far as it was in his power he opened the jugular vein. That is the apotheosis of self, the sublimation of the I. Don Quixote tilting at windmills formed no more pitiable spectacle.

Czolgosz left Cleveland on Saturday. He bought the pistol at a Main Street store in Buffalo on Friday morning. In the interval he was contemplating the act. In Buffalo he rented a small, cheap room at the home of a Pole named Nowak, on Broadway, a street partly stricken with poverty. He had not yet chosen the precise time, accessories and method for the act; was merely resolute in general purpose. On the morning of Friday, the fatal day, he rose early—this is had from his confession. He was then decided on the time. It was to be that day. The exact moment he was not sure of. He would choose the most propitious.

After dressing, he tied in a bundle what papers he had and placed them in an inside pocket. Breakfast he had at a cheap restaurant near the Nowak

house. He was early and ate with several bakery clerks employed next door. One of them remembers him only as a quiet, unpretentious man, deeply preoccupied. He wore good clothes, made to order in Chicago when on his last visit to Emma Goldman, and his dark negligee shirt—a nondescript in quizzical, unknown color—announced his familiarity with the department store. His trade had been that of a wire puller, never earning more than \$9 a week, but for 18 months he had not worked. His clothes were bought since that time: his shirt before.

The silence, which is the one privilege Czolgosz gets for the enormous price he pays the electric chair, was broken to explain his source of revenue. The money for this long sustenance, the travel and the clothes, he says, he saved at the wire mill and on a farm outside of Cleveland, where he worked for a while.

After breakfast he went to the exposition grounds. On the way he dropped the bundle of papers in a sewer, where they still lie in the city's underground slime unfound by the most zealous scavengers. To reach the grounds he passed again through the low squalor of the city. Its indigent misery smote him with only a further numb realization of the wrongs he would try to right. He was like a man stupefied with narcotics and then given another infusion.

The tinted colors of early fall had just touched the trees, whose deep shade copiously conceals the seared roughness of the houses there, and moving on past great charitable institutions, the green covered in uncut reverence the gentle mounds of graves. The exposition was in the gardener's most gorgeous trim, and the sun, amply translucent in its forenoon flight, was brilliant. It seemed that if the exposition escaped suffocation in fresh greenery it must inevitably be drowned in sunshine. To that paradise on earth the assassin came. The fresh glory of the autumnal morning did not enter his soul; the pest behind had buried its venom too deep. What unknown muttered oaths, what dread midnight plottings, what brusque, gnarled conspiracy, what atrocious thoughts and leering deeds must have worked their influence in the heart and brain of a man who could filter the elusive strains of sweet music, catch the dashing spray from laughing fountains, see the swell and bulge of plastered muscles in heroic statues, know the infectious hilarity of a careless crowd and still plot murder!

The young man waited. He got to the grounds just after 8—early enough to see the President drive through on his way to the train for Niagara Falls. He had hoped there would be a chance for a shot then, but found



THE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

MULTITUDE WAITING IN SUSPENSE DURING THE SURGICAL OPERATION JUST AFTER THE FATAL SHOOTING,

none—everything was in a great hurry, there was no crowd and too many guards. He kept his pistol in his pocket and hung about with cool assurance. It was then that he chose the Temple of Music and made his minute plans. There was to be a public reception. He would enter the line, reach the President and shoot him. He would fire as long as he could—there were five chandeliers in the pistol, each loaded with a .32-caliber ball—he would be stopped, and then—“Well,” he said, when told that he must die, days afterward, “that was the expectation from the beginning.”

There was an immense, sonorous pipe organ in the Temple—one of the largest and one of the best ever built. An organist was playing. At the moment he had opened the lower diapason for a Bach sonata—a negatively religious invocation, charged with all the tremendous emotional and subtle aesthetic power that that master possesses. Its tremulous pulsation caused by the magnificent acoustics of the building surcharged the mellow air with intense unfelt weight—not oppressive, but formidable, like the deep displacement of a man-of-war. It was a solemn, solvent setting for the tragic scene to follow.

Czolgosz was in the line, slowly moving toward the President, for from four to five minutes. Behind him was a tightly-packed crowd which blocked retreat. On all sides were alert guards, likely to detect his diabolical intention at any moment. A few steps away was the President—coming nearer, nearer—and there was to be the test of his resolution, there awaited success and death, or failure and disgrace. In those few minutes he must have experienced Macbeth’s anguish between the “conception of the deed and the doing o’it.” The Chinese torture a man by slowly dropping water on his shaved and immovably-bound head, and a day brings insanity; Edgar Allan Poe pictures the frozen horror of the victim of the swinging pendulum, who lay in chains and watched the knife approach his throat by steadily lessening inches; but neither, as a nerve test, could be more excruciating than this assassin’s wait. He deserved the stinging epithet that Miles bestowed on Geronimo—“a tiger of the human race”; he was a hyena stalking unconscious game, he was a beast devoid of finer feeling, devoid of pity, devoid of wisdom, but he stood the fire test to which the weak clay in poor pottery succumbs and came out a hardened vessel.

THE SHOOTING.

The scene itself is but partially to be described, or rather to be described from varying angles, no one of which is obtuse enough to comprehend the



DR. MATTHEW D. MANN
THE SURGEON WHO PERFORMED THE OPERATION.

gaps left by the others, for though hundreds were there, the few minutes of the shots and their denouement have left an inextricable tangle, about which everyone is sure of the exact happening and about which no two stories agree.

A detective saw the swathed fist and said in passing comment :

"This man has a sore hand."

Another had an inkling of suspicion. "I don't know about that," he said, and reached for Czolgosz's arm. It was too late! The first shot came, low—hardly louder than a cap pistol—then the second, as quick as the self-cocking trigger could work. A vague, startled thrill spread through the crowd: it had been hit a stunning blow and for the moment was numb. About the President action was decisive, sharp, bewildering. A dozen men leaped for the assassin. A big negro, James Parker, burst through the crowd

and elbowed his heroic way to an assistance which was too late. George Foster, a government secret service man, in momentary hot revenge, had smashed the assassin's nose, the blood spurting to the floor, where the two were grappling. Czolgosz struggling for a desperate last shot, his face smeared with red ooze and his eyes blarey with tigerish emotion. But his shots, so close that the peppery powder mottled the President's white vest for many inches with specks of trightful black, had been fatal, and the artilleryman who kicked the pistol from his hand got merely cold satisfaction for his rescue. The marines of the President's guard had meanwhile charged the crowd with fixed bayonets, crying, "Clear out, you sons of—," and were pricking some in driving them from the Temple.

The President was singularly calm. A huge, deep-rooted mountain oak, lightning stricken, stands as he stood then—alone, transfigured, mystified and silent—before toppling to its fall. Those who saw that face and noted its sweet grandeur and its indefinable surprised pathos will carry the memory to the grave. The President had been greeting little children and had just courteously bowed to an old man. He was cheery, light hearted, kindly, patient—such was his nature—and at that moment he was in the heydey of good spirits. Suddenly there was injected into his life this foul, dark crime, blacker than night, more hideous than a dungeon's horrors. It was the envious Casca stabbing in the neck while truckling with a sycophant's leer; but Cesar exclaiming, "Et tu, Brute!" could have shown no greater pity and no greater wounded confidence than did President McKinley at that supreme juncture. His shoulders straightened to their fullest, broadest height and he quietly surveyed the fiend still holding the smoking, hidden pistol before him. The smile, with its dimpled placid sunniness, left his face, his white lips pressed each other in a rigid line, their convex curving ends lost in the sunken contour of his mouth, and then for the briefest instant his eye assumed the penetration of a man who reads men as other men read books. For that space of time, measured by hardly more than the wink of an eye-lash, the two—assassin and victim—confronted each other. A multiplicity of emotions showed in the President's face, but two were lacking. There was neither fear nor anger. First there was surprise, then reproach, then pity, benevolence, compassion, a sympathy for the wretch, and then an inkling of astounded horror as he realized the enormity of the attack, and finally as the assassin was felled to the floor his great eyes welled with gentle passion and a tear on each cheek told of calm and chastened appeal for him who brought death that wonderful, black day. He did not



MISS KATHERINE SIMMONS AND MISS MAY D. BARNES
THE NURSES WHO ATTENDED UPON THE PRESIDENT AND SURGEONS AT THE OPERATION
AT THE EXPOSITION HOSPITAL.

once lose consciousness nor self-possession. Such a scene was never looked upon before and probably never will occur again. Never was dignity better exemplified, yet it was pathetic. Though hope came afterward, no one then doubted that the President had been fatally wounded. His faithful secretary, George B. Cortelyou, a man of thin and resolute physique, of wiry courage and canny calmness, was more self-possessed than any other save the President. He caught his chief as he fell and with the help of John G.

THE MULBURN HOME AT BUFFALO

Hospitalized in Buffalo during their vacation, President and Mrs. McKinley were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mulburn, who had been invited to the city by the Buffalo Hospital Association.





JOHN G. MILBURN
PRESIDENT OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

Milburn, president of the exposition, carried him to a nearby bench. Mr. Cortelyou leaned over the President and asked him if he suffered much pain. The President slowly drew his hand to his bosom, fumbled at his shirt and reached within, groped there with his fingers for a moment, then drew them forth, dabbed with blood.

"This pains me," he said. It was the breast wound, not even serious, while the abdominal shot proved fatal. Then followed a moment of silence, during which the ambulance was being called and the prisoner secured. The President could be seen again moving his fingers inside and under his shirt bosom. He was calm, quiet, conscious, dignified. The movement to his breast was half halting, like a man groping in the dark, for he seemed dazed, though fully alive to the situation—just as a man in a trance who realizes all

that goes on about him and yet is completely above the passing of the events. His hand came out again. He looked at the bloody fingers with circumspection but with no critical examination, as if mentally commenting on his own blood—blood drawn by an assassin—it might be his life's blood.

The hand dropped to his side as of no further consequence—it had served its purpose as a barometer of the condition—and he stared into the filigreed wall opposite, where the evanescent afternoon shadows were making figured tapestry with the reflected light from the tawny-amber dome above and sat there blankly conscious, introspective with deep preoccupation. There were tears in many eyes. Respect withheld what might have been a curious crowd. The minutes slowly dragged their sullen feet away and out on the floor there was still some belated scuffling with the prisoner. The President noted it and was drawn by its disturbing clatter from the repose of isolation to which he had been brought.

"Be easy with him, boys," he said, and then relapsed again for just the briefest space, the intervals all being hardly noticeable in point of time, then revived and whispered the name of his secretary. Mr. Cortelyou bent over him and heard, spoken slowly:

"My wife—don't let her know of this and if she does don't let it be exaggerated." At that moment Mr. Buchanan, the director-general of the exposition, was admitted to the Temple. He found his way to within a few steps of the President, who recognized him and who had by that time taken wakeful observation of the happenings about him. He looked in Mr. Buchanan's direction and as the other approached nearer said:

"I am sorry that this should have happened at the exposition."

Those three thoughts were uppermost in his mind: desire for fair play with the assassin, anxiety for his wife, and regret for the hurt the exposition might receive. The arrival of the ambulance was six minutes after the shooting and throughout the ride to the hospital the President sat up.

RECEPTION OF THE NEWS.

It was outside the Temple of Music, about the exposition grounds, in the city of Buffalo, all over the United States and throughout the whole world that the news spread like a conflagration, ever widening in its grievous circle. It was but twenty years since Garfield had been assassinated and the memory of a single generation comprised the murder of another President; that a third should fall by a venomous bullet seemed incredible. A more unlikely time for such a deed could not be imagined. There was no personal ill will



MRS. McKINLEY



ABNER MCKINLEY

BROTHER OF THE PRESIDENT, READING A SPECIAL BULLETIN AS HE RETURNS FROM THE MILBURN MANSION.

toward the wounded man. The fratricidal heat in which Lincoln was killed and the political frenzy that brought Garfield's doom were alike unknown. It occurred in the freest country on earth and in the fairest year of its existence. It is probable that never before in history had the expression "Like thunder from a clear sky" been more apropos. The incredulous way in which the news was received was everywhere alike and one instance will show the peculiar tenor of the feeling.

In the Ohio Building at the exposition, the commissioners in their frock coats and their ladies in evening gowns were awaiting the conclusion of the reception in the Temple, for the President was scheduled to visit them there immediately to pay his respects to his home State. A man came in the rear entrance and announced that the President had been shot. No one paid



MRS. DUNCAN AND MISS ALICE MCKINLEY

SISTERS OF THE PRESIDENT, WITH ESCORTS, AFTER VISITING HIM DURING THE DAYS OF SUSPENSE AT THE MILBURN RESIDENCE.

much attention to him at first and then one of the hangers-on told him he was crazy. He persisted, hunted up one of the commissioners and told him. A bystander heard the remark and said with quizzical foolishness, like the dash of farce that Shakespeare puts in his blackest tragedies:

"Yes, I suppose so. Shot with a camera." And with that the incident passed in the light talk of the afternoon. But the man with the rumor was not to be downed, and finally in response to the expressed alarm of several of the ladies two of the men started out to investigate. When they reached the Triumphal Bridge they saw the doors of the Temple closed, a great, hushed, awesome crowd outside and a portentous stillness in the air. Something had surely happened!

Everyone knew that the President had been taken to the hospital, but



SENATOR MARK HANNA

THE FRIEND - LEADED BY FRIEND, RASHING TO HIS SIDE AFTER THE SHOOTING,
AT GILDED AGE THE MILDEN MANSION.

everyone also knew that the assassin was still inside and no one moved. The center of interest was with the man who had done the deed. He was about to be brought out and no one knew what to expect, would he be lynched, would the officers fire upon him or would they take him off slowly and give the crowd a chance for a glimpse of him? Some half suspected that he might rise in quick anger, shake off his captors and shoot at the crowd itself; others would not believe that the President had been shot at all. There seemed to be stupor and only a feeble, unconscious realization of the catastrophe. It was so abysmally hidden and unsuspected that few felt its poignant pang;



GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE SECRETARY

GIVING OUT BULLETINS CONCERNING THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITION TO CORRESPONDENTS OF THE GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF THE COUNTRY,
AT THE MILBURN RESIDENCE,

the nebulous throb of anguish and long-drawn tapering thrill of vengeful retaliation had not yet come home.

In the midst of it the door was suddenly thrown open and the assassin appeared and halted there in full sight for the briefest instant—a pale, determined, satisfied man. The brilliant afternoon sun stretched its searching rays past the golden finials of the western buildings and lit his defiant bust with rebuking fire. His collar was gone—lost in the scuffle—and his flannel shirt, torn open at the throat, revealed a hard and scrawny neck. His chestnut hair, almost red in the glinting sunlight, matched his blood-smeared cheeks, and his whole air bespoke the conviction of a man who “had done his duty,” for such was the only reply he would make when asked why he had fired the shots. That pause, with its sight of the assassin, was short but intense. It brought its reply straight in the teeth of the dare-devil courage of the young man.

“Lynch him,” called several. These cries were not pronounced or organized. No impetuous frenzy had yet seized the crowd. It seemed as though nearly everyone for the moment had lost all sense of outrage and of revenge. What cries there were were scattered and sporadic. There was unrest and muttered discontent and imprecation. Here and there a man pushed forward, and at one place a brawny negro rushed to the front yelling for a rope and in a sweaty hurry knocked down three women, but there was no lynching. The marines were steadfast, and through the narrow lane they formed with their turned backs the detectives hurried Czolgosz to a covered carriage and jumped in with him. The coachman hit the horses a terrific cut. They bounded out as from released catapults and the few who grasped the wheels in vain hope of staying the flight to unmerited safety were jerked from their feet. On through the prepared lane the horses sprang at a swinging gallop, over the Triumphal Bridge, which the day before had been the scene of the wildest, most buoyant welcome, through the long, beautiful residence avenues, to downtown, four miles away, and the assassin was safe.

The surgeons—the best in Buffalo—who had been called in, decided that an immediate operation was necessary. The President had been twice hit, the first shot striking the breast bone and glancing off with only a slight abrasion of the skin, but the second and fatal one had entered the abdomen and had pierced the stomach twice, burying itself in the fleshy muscles of the back. It has never been found. An hour and fifteen minutes after the shooting the President was unconscious with the ether that had been given him. When asked if the operation should be performed, he replied :

THE ANSLEY WILCOX RESIDENCE, DELAWARE AVENUE, BUFFALO

WHERE VICE-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE AND BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WITH PRESIDENT MCKINLEY LYING DEAD IN THE MILBURN HOUSE A FEW BLOCKS AWAY.



"I am in your hands. You know what is best. Do that," and then he sank into unconsciousness he muttered slowly to himself:

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done."

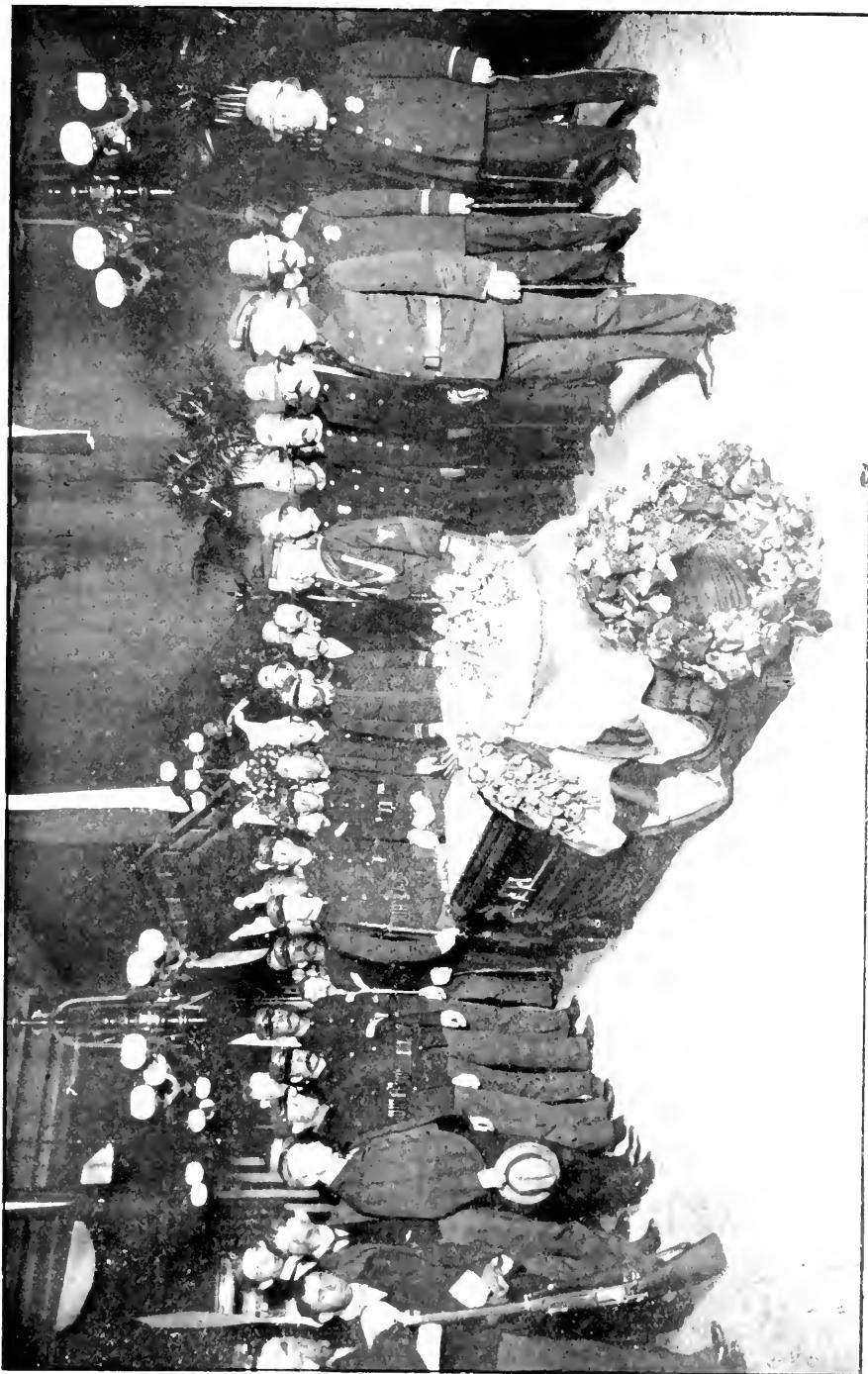
The details of the operation are merely similar to those of any other "laparotomy." "Laparotomy" is the surgical term for it. An incision was made in the abdomen by Dr. Matthew D. Mann, the operating surgeon, the stomach turned and the two perforations made by the bullet sewn up, the wound thoroughly cleansed, the stomach replaced, the incision sewn and the effects of the ether dissipated. The President was then removed to the home of Mr. Milburn on Delaware Avenue.

For the next six days hope mounted high. Everyone except the chronic grumbler thought the President would recover. Senator Hanna, his life-long, steadfast friend, saw a rainbow in the sky and declared he believed in "the McKinley star," and Vice President Roosevelt, who had hurried on a special train to the bedside of the President, was so secure in his belief that he left for the Adirondacks, put civilization behind him and when he was next wanted was forty two miles from a telegraph wire. The newspapers and the country looked for slow recovery and were counting the period of expected convalescence. The Buffalo papers were rather gleefully commenting on the probability of the city becoming what Secretary Root declared it might become, "the summer capital." Even the doctors were deceived. There were several indications, however, that the President was not yet past the danger point; the feeding of food by injection became impossible because of threatened inflammation and on Thursday morning it was decided to give him a light breakfast. He had toast, coffee, chicken broth, beef juice and finished with rare relish by asking for a cigar. That day, considering everything, was a remarkably bright one. The weather was perfect and the President, said all, was on the road to recovery.

THE LAST DAY.

Thursday night brought the first serious sign of danger. The physicians were obliged to give their patient violent purgatives and at 2:30 o'clock of Friday morning the collapse came. His life for the next twenty-four hours was an artificial one. That Friday fell on the 13th—doubly an unlucky day. The city woke to get the fatal news that the President's pulse had almost ceased its throb and from then on the tell-tale mincings of the official bulletins brought merely varied versions of a "hope against hope."

There was a time through the morning when to hope seemed reasonable.



THE PRESIDENT'S BODY LYING IN STATE IN CITY HALL, BUFFALO

IT'S! BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE DOORS TO THE HUNDRED THOUSAND MOURNERS WHO FILED PAST THE BED ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON,
SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1901.

The pulse and temperature had gone back to their normal condition of the day before, but when Secretary Cortelyou, on his regular afternoon visit to the newspaper tent across the street, said with words which had been well weighed: "If the President lives until morning there will be grounds for hope," the immediate analysis brought the conviction that there really was no ground for hope. Throughout the city, from then on, the fact of grave danger was so potent that the air was charged with the momentous import of the situation.

In the sick room the day had been one of battle—a battle against death; and outside, to the world which did not know the details of that fierce fight, there was just as hard a struggle against the deadening fear of the worst. No one wished to admit the grievous fact, but the conclusion was irresistible. Each person who came from the Milburn house—physicians, cabinet ministers, senators, governors and members of the family—brought through the afternoon the word: "He is in peril," and as the careless radiance of the buoyant exposition beyond lit its way into the starry sky all that could be said by anybody was: "He is still alive."

On that last gray and awful night as the great heart beat slower, each feeble minute keeping sure count for the last lingering run of the life-sands, the tension among the watchers grew. It became a tremendous pressure. The creak of a sentry's boot on the pavement in front of the Milburn house, where armed guards paced with clock-like regularity, brought quick response from the newspaper men across the street. There were more than 100 of them. It was no idle crowd, such as gathered down town swearing feeble vengeance against the triumphant murderer. Each was a picked man, chosen for experience and skill. The chief papers of Christendom and many of the minor ones were represented there. This immense tongue, which was to tell the fateful news to 8,000,000 of William McKinley's fellow citizens and to other millions waiting wherever the telegraph tolls its disturbing click, was hushed in awful preparation for its direful loosening. At the word, that avalanche of news was to be poured onto the world—a thunderbolt from the night.

The moments dragged, each one heavy with expectancy and each one supposed to be the last. Mrs. McKinley was induced to take rest and the entire number of those who waited were in the condition of a condemned man waiting for the rope to drop. A heart specialist from Washington arrived at midnight, at record breaking pace, in an electric automobile, but it was too late; God Himself could not have turned the hour glass back then.



HEAD OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE MILBURN HOUSE

The end came quietly, like the ebbing of the tide, at that indistinct time of the early morning when lives most frequently go out.

The President had been unconscious for seven hours; he died at 2:15. In the evening, before lapsing into mere breathing life, there occurred that spiritual uplift which was to place the final, lasting purport of a sacred benediction on his life's best effort. As his soul reeled on the brink for that concluding conscious moment before its dissolution, there came to him a flitting period of time wherein the memory of his long life of deeds and thoughts, his wife, his children and his friends, passed before him like the phantasmia of a dream, and with that vision in his already death-glazed eyes he murmured slowly :

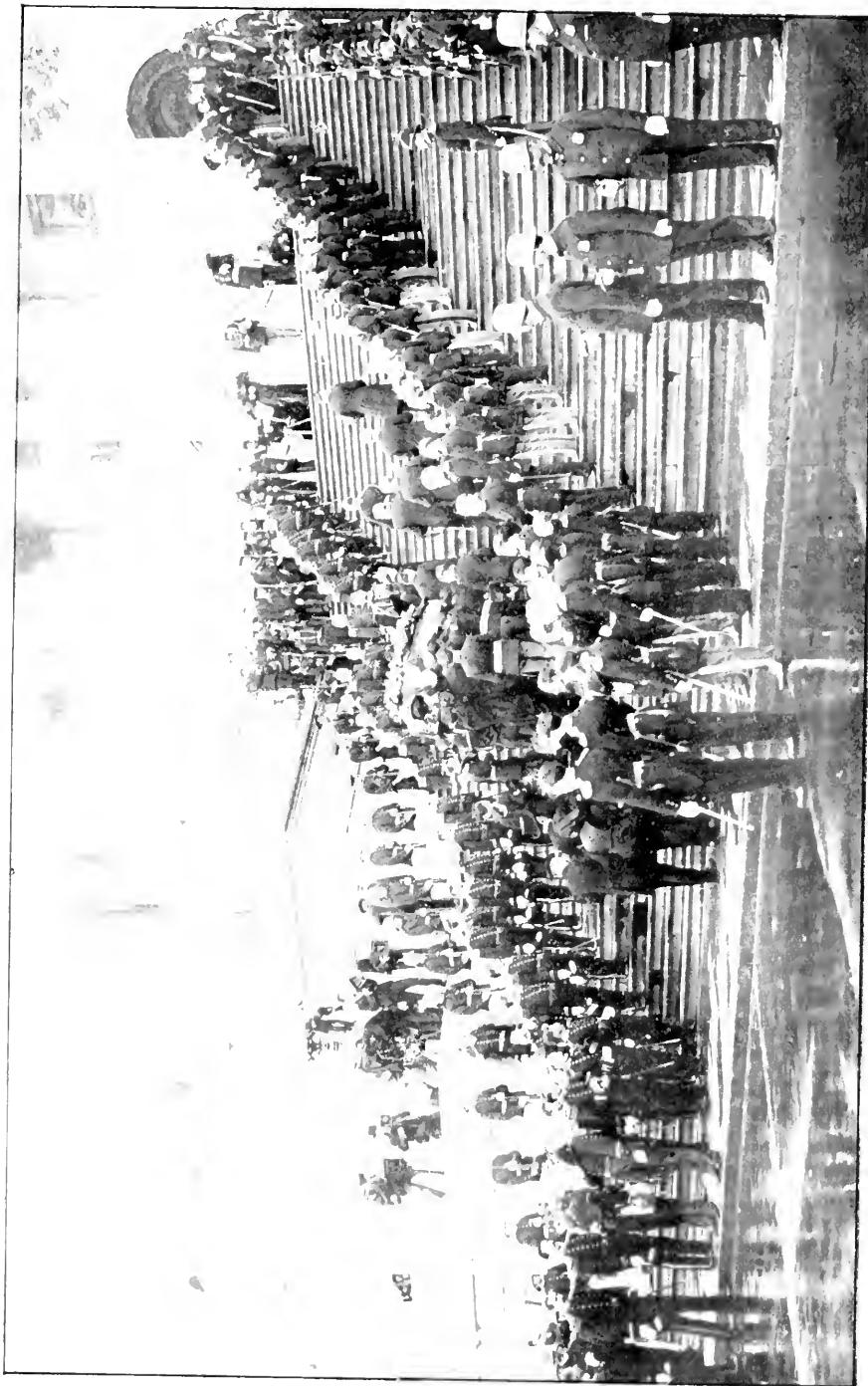
"Good—bye—all,—good—bye!—It—is—God's—way.—His—will,—not—ours. Be done."

The rest was silence. With that resignation in his heart he found eternity. It was a simple, manly death—a death worthy the President of the United States.

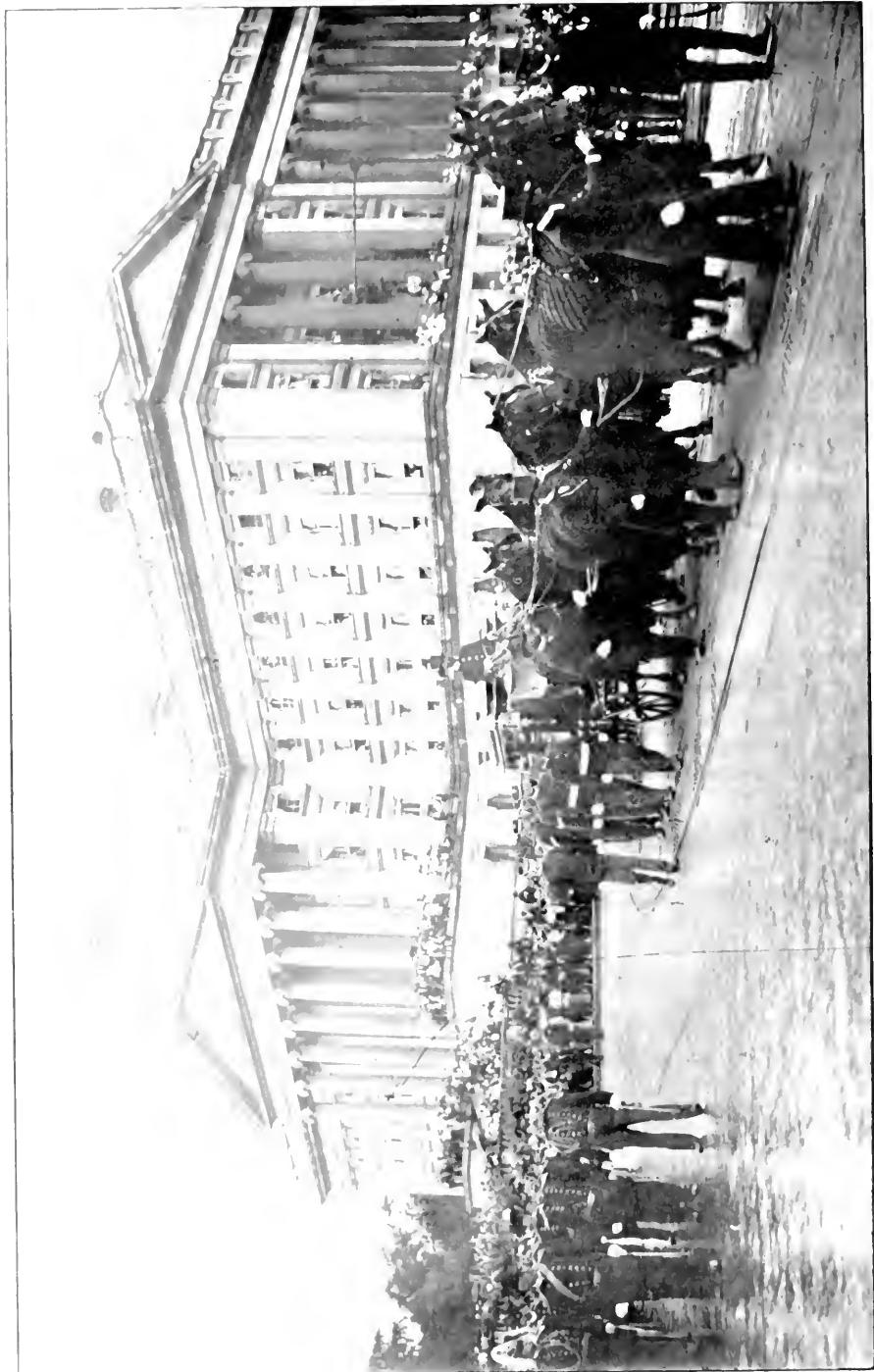
THE FUNERAL.

There were three funerals—one at the Milburn house in Buffalo; one along historic Pennsylvania Avenue, where the victorious armies of Grant and Lincoln had trod in elate confidence, and down which the dead President had twice marched in triumphant inauguration; and, the last, a simple country burial procession, magnified to colossal proportions, passing through the crowded, silent streets of the inland city of Canton. The details of that three days' journey from the greensward of populous Buffalo to the velvet of the Ohio meadows are alike in showing suppressed, inexpressible emotion. It was perhaps the most heart felt pageant that ever passed through this broad country. Every home was a house of mourning, the cities were draped in black, and the States stood like crepe-veiled sisters, hand in hand in silent, deep commiseration.

The hundreds of thousands who viewed the remains were but a small fraction of those who pressed forward for a chance. In Buffalo the crowds about the City Hall on Sunday afternoon were such that for four blocks the streets were impassable, a solid wall, broken only by the buildings, stretched back in patient confusion, each individual arrayed in Sunday finery, and each dripping with the soaking rain that poured down without let. Two days later, in Washington, the crowd that pressed forward at the Capitol found the same drenching, and met it with the same determined patience, and even in



THE FUNERAL AT WASHINGTON—CONVEYING THE BODY AT THE CAPITOL STEPS



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THE TREASURY BUILDING, PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.



FUNERAL ARCH

ERECTED BY SCHOOL CHILDREN OF CANTON.

little Canton, swelled to three times its normal population by the influx of mourning guests, the entire afternoon was amply busy with those who demanded a last farewell.

The journey to Washington was through as fair a country as the sun ever shone upon—too fair a country for so foul a crime. The autumn haze was in the air and the early fall foliage was just tinctured with gorgeous sunset colors. On the placid breasts of the Pennsylvania rivers, the winding Susquehanna and the blue Juanita, the sun glinted back in effervescent freshness, and the crisp air—so crisp that the toll of a somnolent bell from miles away sounded through the stillness like an ever-present tireless avenger—put the vital thrill of mettlesome delight in all veins. It was a mockery of the black fact that within the Pullman car “Pacific,” the William McKinley who two weeks before had journeyed in it in his finest health lay there now, his brow pencilled pallid and his right arm covering in gentle reverence the ugly hole torn by the assassin’s bullet.

The run was straight through western New York, where the cornfields



BIRTHPLACE OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, NILES, OHIO.

were mellow for the sickle, over the Keating ridge that scars the country there like a huge wart, down to the valley of the Susquehanna, a pale and limpid stream drifting along in midsummer idleness, into the foothills of the eastern Rockies, the coal fields of Pennsylvania; up, up, through ravines, down quiet, hump-backed valleys, up again, farther, to the mountains where the Alleghany chestnuts, just touched with the first light frosts, lift their splendid heads of amber gold and russet brown, past distant, misty North Mountain, the highest point in the Keystone State, coursing in mild fury, as though eager to bear the ill-omened burden, through the towns of Sunbury and Williamsport, into the capital city of Harrisburg, over the mile-long suspension bridge, down across the southwest corner of the State, cutting through Maryland, arriving at sunset at the colonial, wealthy city of Baltimore, then turning face about and pulling in with subtle, sullen thrill to the capital of the nation, the city where William McKinley's life work had been accomplished, and whose heart and brain will publish his fair fame throughout the earth.

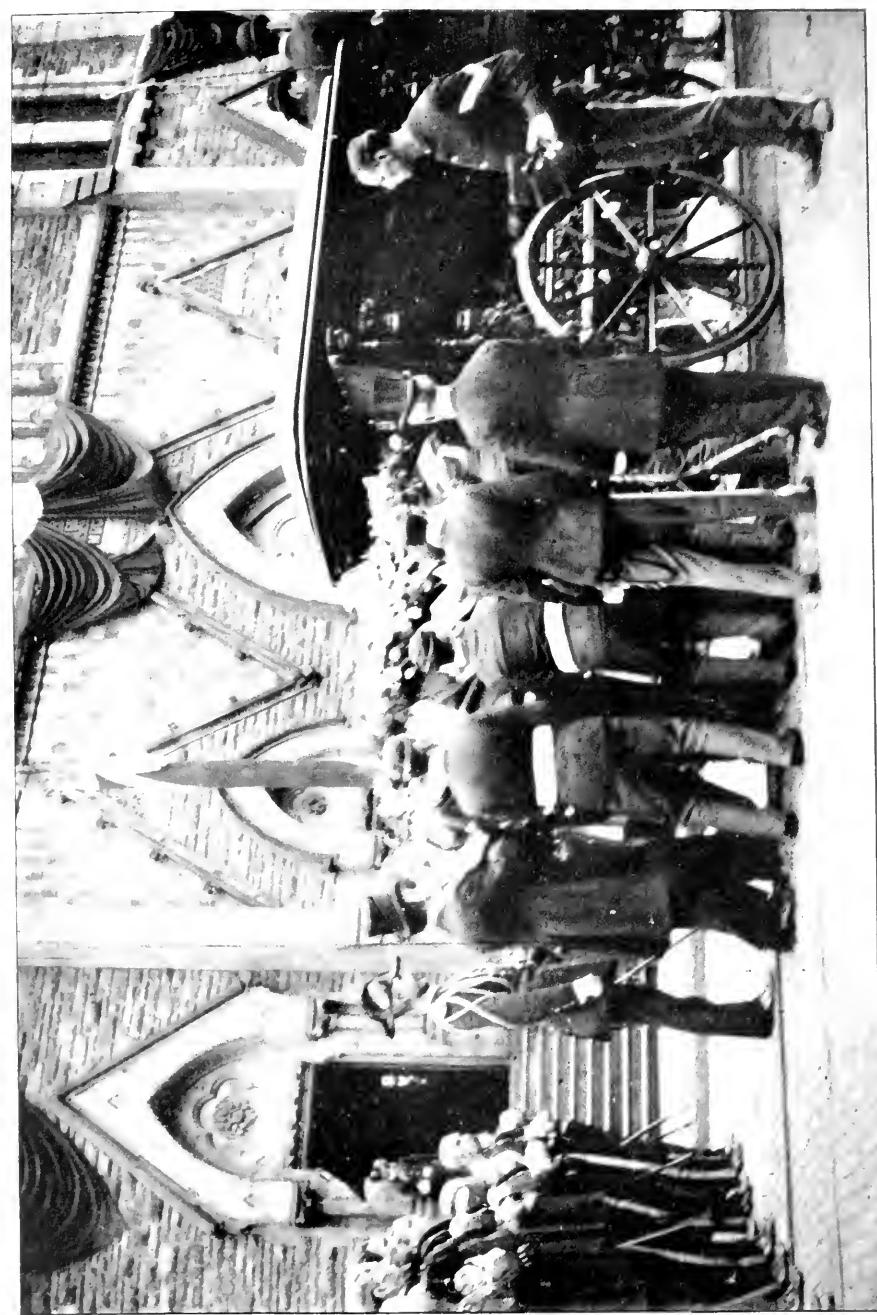


THE MCKINLEY HOME AT CANTON

This journey, and the one of two days later, back through Pennsylvania and into the mellow fields of Ohio, was a hopeless one. It passed through cities draped in black, was met with reverent, bared heads, and bore with it silent, soothing, pitiful death. Flowers were profuse: they covered the road bed in almost a continuous path of kind remembrance. At the cities, upturned faces met the train with an unexpressed wail of the nation's grief. Each case was like every other. There was the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and then the hats began to doff, one by one, first on the near side of the crowd, then on the other until all were silently uncovered. Through the stillness came the perpetual clang of tolling church bells, and at the large places great chimes pealed out the stately "*Nearer My God To Thee*," while at others, young women with sad, sweet voices chanted some "*Miserere*" to the surcharged dirges of Chopin and Tchaikowsky.

Every one came. It was no funeral of class or condition. That procession up Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington was called a State funeral, but the people were the ones who buried their Chief, and the people accompanied him to his grave. They stood in depressed respect along the entire thousand-mile journey, and they were of no one class, condition, age or sex. Babies in arms were frequent, and occasionally at the end of a line of war-worn veterans, some white-haired, one-armed man, hatless, the tears streaming down his cheeks, stood holding a drooping flag in silent benediction. When the train—it stopped nowhere except for coal and water—came in sight of the towns and cities, the long lines drawn up by the track became suddenly silent. The shutters of frequent cameras were snapped far in advance, and as it passed on the men who pressed the buttons stood in mute attention. Then came the crowd itself, composed of mechanics and of workers in all the trades, of Grand Army men—there were thousands of such—of the local militia, drawn up at attention, presenting arms to the cortege, and chiefly of children. All the school children along the way seemed to have turned out to honor the passing grief. In the country the people stood in long lines. At the cross-roads carriages were lined. Workers in the fields, at the plow and at threshers, in the corn fields and the potato patches, waited with arms folded and hats off. There was no waving of handkerchiefs, no hurrahs, none of the excitement that usually accompanies a train arrival.

The ride on Monday night, through the lambent, rain-puddled streets of Washington, to the East Room of the White House, where the casket was laid under the crystal chandelier, was impressive with its solemn, symbolic awe. No one escaped the grief of this return of death to the city of life and work.

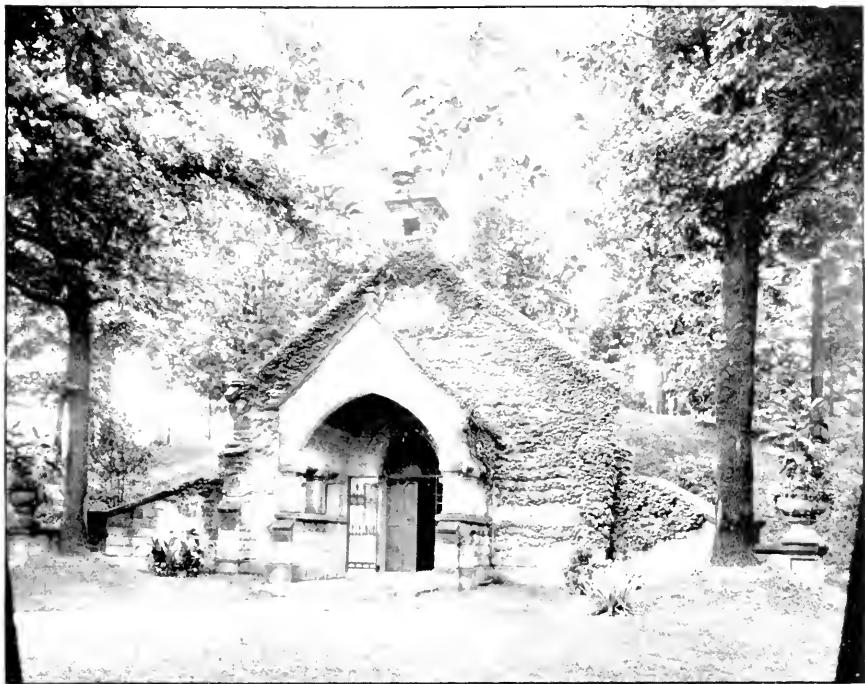


THE PRESIDENT'S BODY BEING TAKEN INTO THE CHURCH AT CANTON.

The partial apathy of Washington (used to great events and ordinarily hungry for a show) was not repeated elsewhere. At Canton the city was in the condition of the town clock, which had been stopped at 2:15, the hour at which, four days previous, the President had died. It was the most silent, sad, sacredly solemn assemblage that the place had ever held. The number that gathered was tremendous. Nearly the entire population of Stark County came, and from the State and neighboring States the reverent and the curious poured in. The entire Ohio Militia—8000 strong—was there. Knights Templar, Masonic orders, the Odd Fellows and Grand Army men filled the streets with their burnished regalia. On one of the chief arches, erected by the public schools, was printed : "He loved us" and "We loved him." This was only the outward and manifest expression of the feeling which evidently lay deep in all. The march up the main street the morning of the arrival, with the tremulous, ineffable mournfulness of "Free as a Bird" in the overwrought air—simple, homely tunes always sink in farthest—was deeply impressive; more so than the gorgeous pageant of generals and regular troops that filed down Pennsylvania Avenue in the drizzly rain the day before.

The final funeral—that which brought a culmination to the mournful journey begun in Buffalo four days previous—held among the neighbors and friends of William McKinley, and attended by the massive dignity of the chief men of the nation, will leave its memory stamped deep in all of those who saw its stately march and who felt its pitiful resignation. The number who will bear that memory is considerably over 100,000—a far greater crowd than has ever walked the streets of that Ohio town at one time before. The mournful magnificence of the funeral procession was an event. To Mrs. McKinley and to others of the family the day was a single blank of drab grief; but the spectacle to others was both inspiring and depressing, both subdued and bold.

Imagine a hearse like a polished piece blocked from the night, small and oblong, but almost appalling with its simply dignity, drawn by horses just as black, carrying for its burden all that remains of the late President of the United States: preceded by its guard of honor, President Roosevelt, the cabinet, and the generals and admirals of the United States: followed by the last tottering veterans of the 23d Ohio, the regiment in which William McKinley fought for the preservation of the Union, and then by regiment after regiment of volunteer infantry, by corps after corps of Masonic orders, by company after company of regally-accoutred Knights Templar, and by



THE RECEIVING TOMB, WEST LAWN CEMETERY, CANTON

THE RESTING PLACE OF THE BODY OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, WHICH
WILL BE GUARDED DAY AND NIGHT FOR TWO YEARS.



THE MCKINLEY BURIAL LOT, WEST LAWN CEMETERY

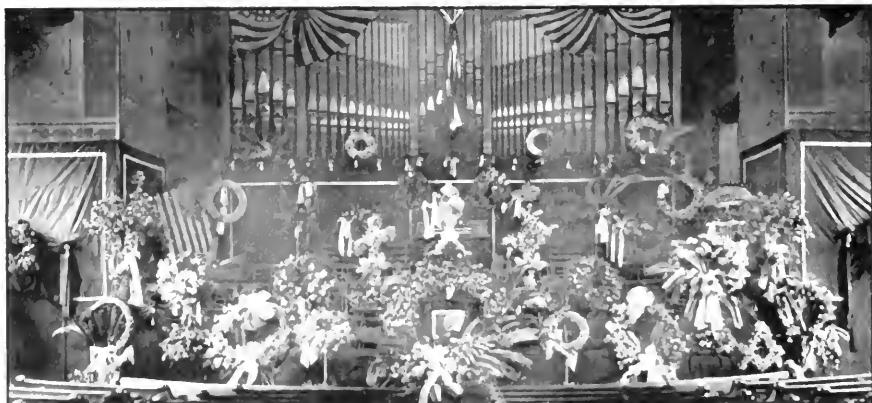
HERE THE MCKINLEY CHILDREN ARE BURIED, AND WHERE THE PRESIDENT'S BODY WILL REPOSE.



0 013 903 248 2

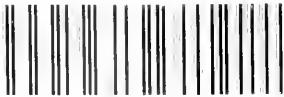
band after band playing dirges and slow hymns: on each side of a mile long avenue, solid blocks of people reach back until broken into segments by the intervening cornices of houses, and even then some places overrun with a multitude that swarms on roofs and over high-built bridges; then add a gray sky that frowns like a pall, and the magnificent picture of sad, sweet desolation is complete.

In the midst of that fair country, where the bosom of a gently-heaving hill is cloven by the upthrust of a spear of granite, all that was mortal of William McKinley was laid at rest that gloomy afternoon. And at the door of the last resting place, while "Taps" rang out from circumambient bugles, and as the grilles of the charnel house were closed forever on that loved form, a new President, shaken by sorrow but erect in virile manhood, stood with the unshed tears visible in his overwrought countenance, paused for a moment before closely-embracing flowers of the almost buried tomb, glanced at the sky, saw a rift in its sullen tapestry, and walked back to his waiting people with that heritage of thankless grandeur in his memory and the destiny of a path of peace awaiting his approach.



PULPIT DECORATIONS AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES, CANTON

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 903 248 2

